

Kiss my ass by [Corny_Cornflakes](#)

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Summary:

Joyce planned to be alone on the 4th of July, until someone surprised her with a call. Maybe she won't have to be lonely anymore?

Kiss my ass

Author's Note:

Based off of the tumblr prompt 83. "Kiss my ass". My tumblr: [@obsessedwithadultships](https://obsessedwithadultships.tumblr.com)

Please excuse me if there are any errors, but english is not my first language. Besides that I hope you'll enjoy my 2nd Jopper fanfiction!

It was probably the hottest 4th of July in the history. In fact every single fan in every shop in Hawkins was sold out. The usually filled streets were now emptier than ever, because the mall had an air conditioner. No one could imagine spending time outside now.

Unfortunaly the Byers didn't have enough luck to get anything to cool their house down. The kids would have to leave their house soon anyway, because they were going to the Wheeler's party, but it was hard to survive in there anyway. Joyce didn't manage to take anything from Melvald's, not even some ice cream for her boys.

At least they will have fun in the small pool in the Wheeler's garden. Joyce didn't want to go to the party, because she knew she had to spend the whole evening with a drunk Karen complaining about her husband and the lack of red wine. She really wasn't in the mood for that. It would be better if she stayed alone, at her house with her own bottle of... whatever alcohol she could find in the back of the small drawer.

God, this is going to be so pathetic. This holiday is supposed to be spend with the ones you care about. But no, Joyce chose to be all alone by herself. Maybe she needs some time out to relax and thing about the events of the last 2 years? Or better not, she actually wants to FORGET the events of the past 2 years.

"Will, honey, are you packed for the sleepover?", she asked her youngest son from the kitchen.

"Yeah mom, almost ready!", the "not so small anymore" boy shouted as he ran out of his room with a big bag in his right hand. He quickly

stuffed some packs of chips and tried to somehow close his bag, which wasn't very easy.

"Jonathan is going to drive you in half an hour, make sure you'll call me later in the evening!", Joyce looked softly at Will.

"Sure mom, Jonathan is going to stay with us too?", he asked a little bit disappointed.

"Yeah, but don't worry sweetie, he's probably going to spend more time with Nancy", she quickly added and placed a kiss on her sons forehead. Joyce is still worried about him. And she probably always will, thinking of how she almost lost him forever. Actually she couldn't even imagine a world without her boys. After her complicated and even painful relationship with Lonnie, she wouldn't be as strong as she is now without them.

After roughly 35 minutes Will and Jonathan have left. She closed the front door and turned on the TV. Nothing interesting actually. Every channel available just showed some boring parades or whatever. Dissapointed, Joyce turned the TV off again and now started to look for "something to drink". Once again: pathetic how she was spending her time alone. But there was literally nothing else she could do now. Or could she?

The phone rang. Joyce, obviously a little bit surprised, jumped up from the couch and picked it up. She expected to hear Will's voice, but this once was way too deep and way too mature.

"Hey, are ya busy right now?", the voice asked. It was Hopper. Didn't he want to go to the 4th of July party? Considering the fact that El - or actually Jane- was there too?

"I'm home alone. Why are you asking?", she responded.

"I don't know... I just don't want to be alone on the 4th of July. How about I come over? I can take some beer with me if you want too."

"That would be nice", Joyce said with a little bit of a flirty tone, "Yeah, you can come over. I actually don't want to be alone now too."

Great. Her plans for the evening suddenly changed. Maybe it's better

that way? Her and Hopper got very close in the past couple of months. Nothing “romantic” happened between them, but they definitely enjoyed each other’s company. Almost every weekend they spent outside on her porch, while smoking cigarettes after cigarettes. The kids watch movies or listened to music in the meantime- or did whatever teenagers do nowadays.

Okay, she probably should get ready. Her current clothes were wet from all that sweat, so she decided to exchange them for a pair of shorts and a red tank top. God, when did Joyce last wear anything that showed her legs? Or something that showed anything of her body. This was the perfect moment to change that habit.

After a while she also decided to clean up her house a little bit. Her boys have left a hell of a mess in their room. Although, who was she trying to impress? Hopper saw their house in a much worse state, on multiple occasions. Whatever. Clean is clean. At least she wants to seem as she has her life put together.

It was almost ten minutes later, when Joyce heard someone entering the house. She quickly ran out of the kitchen towards the front door.

“Knock knock”, Hopper said while putting his favorite Indiana Jones like hat down. He didn’t see her yet.

Joyce leaned against the wall, trying to seem relaxed. But she wasn’t, in fact she was more nervous than ever. But why?

She finally decided to greet him with a short “hi”. With the sound of her soft voice Hopper turned toward her. Holy crap she looked good in those shorts. The last time he saw her wearing anything that revealing was in high school. And that was a hell of a long time ago.

“You look... you look nice Joyce”, he smiled and noticed her cheeks getting red. Now she looked even more beautiful.

“Wanna drink something? The heat is unbelievable”, she added and now walked into the kitchen. Joyce really tried to cover her nervousness.

“Sure, I brought some beer. Wanna sit on the porch?”, Hopper asked

and picked up the six pack of Buckhorn's. With the arrival of the evening, the temperature dropped enough for them to spend some time outside in the fresh air. Joyce only took a new pack of cigarettes from the table and headed onto the porch, right next to Jim.

They sat down on their beloved bench, while Hopper handed a can of beer to the lady besides him.

"So... you didn't go to the Wheeler's party too?", she asked after a moment.

"Nah, the kids should have a nice evening, without being controlled all the time. I trust Mike, he won't hurt Jane no matter what," Hopper mumbled.

"He was always a good kid."

"And how come you aren't at the party?"

Joyce sighted. "I didn't want to." A short answer, but it was enough for him to notice that something was wrong.

"Are you sure you're ok?", he asked, deeply concerned. He was used to seeing her sad, angry, devastated. But this just felt different. Joyce was feeling or thinking about something Hopper couldn't describe. And he really wanted to know what it is.

"How long are we gonna play this game, Hop?"

What game? What does she mean? Is Joyce talking about the fact that they can't talk to anyone about the traumatizing events of the past years?

He wanted to say something, anything, but he didn't know what, so instead he waited for her next move.

"How long are we gonna act like there's nothing going on between us?", she stared in the now pitch black night. It seemed like she wasn't even waiting for a response, it was a statement.

"What the hell are you talking about?", Hopper asked and centered his look on her eyes. They were so alluring, but so cold at the same time. Like a black hole.

But there was no answer. Now Joyce didn't know what to say and waited for his next move.

He rested his face in his big hands. "Geez Joyce... you know it's complicated."

Still no words from her side. Just silence.

"You can't even imagine how many times I imagined us being together. And in every single scenario, something went wrong. I care too much about you to see you being in pain once again."

She finally turned her head and looked into his ocean blue eyes. She was in pain. Just as he didn't want her to be.

"Kiss my ass, Jim Hopper"

Well, maybe it would've been better if she didn't say anything after all. And her using his full name? Joyce was pissed. Luckily he knew how to deal with her complicated character.

"Maybe I will", he smiled and took a sip of his now warm beer. To his surprise, it worked. As soon as he placed the can back on the handrail, Joyce grabbed his face and kissed him. It felt so wrong and so right at the same time.

Her soft lips met his and he decided to passionately kiss her back. Now it felt really right. Both waited so long for this special occasion. How many times did one of them have to hold back, because it wasn't the right moment? Or because they were too scared of being hurt again?

But Joyce suddenly stopped and pushed him away. What happened now?

"I'm sorry, I- I shouldn't have", she mumbled under her breath.

There it was again: the awkward silence. It was almost as if nothing happened between them in the past five minutes. Just like that, months of building up a strong and solid friendship crashed down.

The two of them were sitting next to each other on the bench, distancing themselves more every once in a while. The light summer

breeze made Joyce's hair fly with the movements of the wind and gave her chills all over her uncovered body. As much as Hopper tried to NOT look at her, he couldn't stop himself. He couldn't NOT notice that she was getting cold and he couldn't NOT do anything about that.

"Screw it", he thought and grabbed his blazer, which was hanging down the handrail. Joyce watched him from the corner of her eye, trying to not seem interested in what he was doing.

"Put on the jacket. I don't want you to get sick."

"I'm not cold", she sighted and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

But Hopper didn't believe her a single word. While rolling his eyes to her response, he wrapped the blazer around her small figure. God, it looked so big on her. In fact gigantic.

Joyce decided to stay quiet. She actually did appreciate his nice gesture, but she simply couldn't think of any words she could say right now. Every single sentence she put together in her head didn't leave her mouth. Nothing felt right anymore.

How long are they going to sit next to each other and act like stupid teenagers who just had a fight with their parent? No talking, no staring, no nothing. They have already been once trough this situation. They are making the same mistakes all over again.

"I guess I'll just go now", Hopper finally said after what felt like hours and grabbed his car keys from inside. But she didn't want him to go. She didn't want to be alone again. Shit, she screwed up big this time.

But she also didn't say anything. What could Joyce say anyway? "I'm sorry I kissed you and pushed you away, how about you stay with me for the rest of the night in complete silence?" No, this would be pathetic.

Here was the word again. "Pathetic". She heard it repeatedly in her head and analyzed every single letter. Why was she like this? Why was she so pathetic?

And it didn't stop until he actually stepped into his car. Now he was

leaving for good.

Hopper closed his door and drove away. She was completely alone again. Still Joyce just couldn't pick herself up from that god damn bench. Right now she wanted to progress everything that just had happened. Shit, why did she even bring up that topic?

She grabbed the box lying next to her and pulled out a cigarette. She searched for her lighter in the pocket of her jacket- wait, it wasn't hers. Hopper left his blazer. Whatever, she'll give it back to him on their next encounter. Joyce eventually found Hopper's lighter and finally took a deep drag of that Camel cigarette. She felt her muscles relaxing a little bit more with every smoke. But that didn't change the fact that she wasn't able to organize her thoughts. Did she just destroy her friendship with Hopper? Or whatever the hell it was going on between them...

Hopper arrived in his cabin in roughly fifteen minutes. Since Jane wasn't home, he could grab himself another beer. Or two. Or even something stronger than that. And a cigarette of course.

Exhausted, he stepped out of his car and took his flashlight with him to guide him. It was a pitch black night, except for some fireworks in the far distance. The moment he wanted to open the door (because there was no one on the other side), he realized he forgot something.

"Shit!", he hissed as he noticed he didn't take his blazer with him. He left it at Joyce's place, and he really wasn't in the mood for driving back there. Not after what happened.

But what else could he do? How the hell was he supposed to enter his house? He just had to drive back. The lighter in his right pocket was also very important.

Fuck it. He'll just get his stuff and leave her house again.

Now it only took him ten minutes to get to Joyce. He didn't expect her to still be outside, considering the fact that he has left a long time ago. Whatever, it was her problem.

His problem was to get his stupid jacket back. That's all. As he was walking towards her, she stood up and took off his blazer that she still had wrapped around her shoulders.

"Searching for this?", she asked loudly so Hopper could hear and she

hold up the thing he came back for.

Not knowing what else to say (again), he just took the blazer and turned around to head back into his car so he could finally enter his damn cabin. Unless...

“Wait!”, Joyce suddenly shouted. Hopper was just about to close the door, when he heard her voice from the porch. What did she want now?

She didn't know either. Once again, her throat was closed and she couldn't say anything. No. Just no. She won't give up. She will say what's on her mind.

“Joyce, what's wrong?”

She finally walked away from that old, dirty bench and headed towards him. She wasn't thinking, only her legs guided her automatically. By that time her whole body was shivering. She will do it.

Hopper just watched the small woman approaching him and almost couldn't resist to take her into his arms and just hug her. She looked so cute and dangerous at the same time, it was almost unbelievable.

“Please don't make me regret this later”, she whispered as she stood up on her tiptoes and grabbed his face. She kissed him, for the second time tonight. But this time it didn't feel rushed. It wasn't an impulse. She knew that she wanted it.

Hopper was surprised by that sudden move. It took him a second to realize and progress what just has happened. But the moment he felt her cold lips against his, he grabbed her waist to pull her closer and kissed her back. He also knew what he wanted, and it was them to be together. No more games, no more acting like they're just close friends. He wanted there to be more between them for the longest time now. Ever since Bob came around.

Joyce didn't know she wanted him until their hug at the snowball in 1984. It was only a month after Bob died right in front of her, but she needed someone she could share this trauma with – someone who

would also understand her. But even afterwards she couldn't admit it, even to herself.

Now they found themselves making out next to his car, almost like 7 months ago – only without the kissing.

After a while they stopped and rested their foreheads against each other. There was a smile on both of their faces.

“How about we move it inside?”, Joyce asked as another shiver ran through her body. He seemed to agree with her idea.

Without leaving each other side, they returned hand in hand into the house. It was a lot warmer and nicer there. Maybe now they could finish what they started – and what they wanted to do so badly. Joyce took one more look at his soft blue eyes and kissed him, but this time more passionately and quicker.

Hopper moved his hands up her back and tried to open her bra. He wasn't so good in this game anymore – he hasn't slept with a single woman ever since Jane showed up. And ever since Joyce found a way back into his life. No woman out there could ever compare to her. There was nobody else who could understand him that well. Not a single person he could ever trust that much.

And Joyce felt the exact same way about him. Lonnie was an asshole and Bob looked at the world trough pink glasses, which wasn't her way of seeing things. She couldn't find anybody who would share her point of view.

While trying to undress his partner, Joyce tried to guide them into the bedroom, which wasn't necessarily the easiest thing to do when she was busy doing something else. The longing was finally over.

At last they did somehow reach her room. She jumped onto her bed and got rid of her red tank top. Hopper could see her for the first time in what, 20 years? Joyce didn't look as young as she did back then. After having 2 boys and having to handle a lot of work and stress, her body was full with stretch marks and scars.

She notices him glaring over her exposed body, which made her feel

somewhat uncomfortable.

“Something’s wrong?”, she asked with a worried tone. What did he think of?

“You look beautiful, Joycie”, Hopper whispered as he moved closer to her for their bodies to meet again.

Lonnie never meant it. Maybe back when they had no children, but it changed.

Bob said that so many times that it lost its meaning.

But now she felt that someone meant it. Each and every letter was said with a meaning. It almost brought tears into her eyes.

Joycie. She doesn’t even remember the last time she was called that. But she remembered that Hopper always used that nickname back in the days.

Trying to not start crying over this emotional moment, Joyce searched for the buttons of his flannel and wanted to undress him as quickly as possible. In the meantime he proceeded with kissing her neck.

It was a long night ahead of them, full of love, memories and longing each others closure. Maybe they did finally find someone who would understand them?